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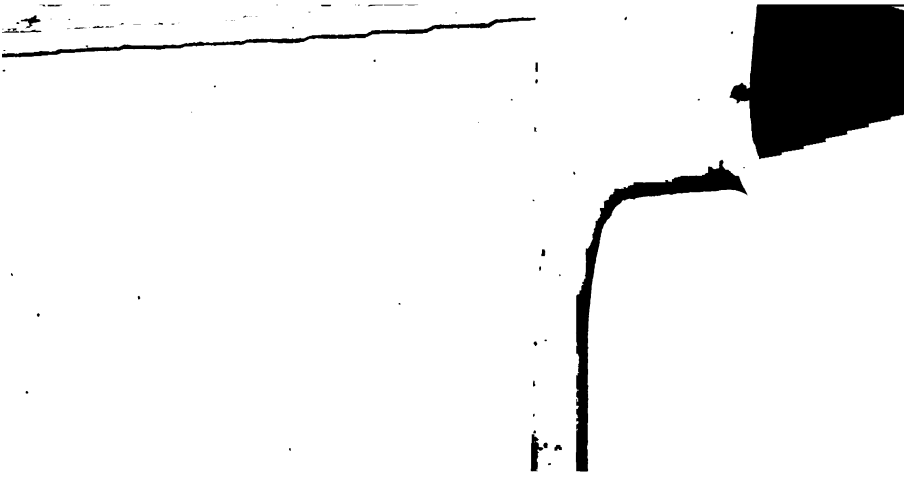

1e. O.T. Psalms, English
Parsons 1819

THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE

NEW-TESTAMENT,

AND APPLIED TO THE

Christian State and Worship.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

All things must be fulfilled which were written in....the Psalms concerning me.....*Luke* xxiv. 44.
David, Samuel, and the Prophets....That they without us should not be made perfect.....*Heb.* xi, 39, 40.

With a brief Sketch of the Author's Life.

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1819.

BRIEF SKETCH OF DR. WATTS.

DR. ISAAC WATTS, a learned and eminent dissenting minister, was born at Southampton, 1674, of parents remarkable for piety and virtue. From his infancy, he discovered a strong propensity to learning; and was early distinguished for the sprightliness of his wit; which, even in the years of younger life, was regulated by a deep sense of religion. At the school at Southampton, he was taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and in 1690 was sent to an academy in London, to complete his education. His tutor declared that during the whole time of his tuition at this academy, he was not only so inoffensive as never to give occasion for reproof; but so exemplary that he often proposed him as a pattern to his other pupils.

In 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, to reside in his family at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son. Here he continued about four years: and acquitted himself with fidelity and reputation. Believing it to be his duty, he determined to devote his life to the pastoral office, of the importance of which, he had a deep sense upon his mind. He began to preach on his birth-day, 1698, when he had completed his 24th year; and he met with general acceptance.

In 1712, he had a severe fever, which, by its violence and continuance, reduced him so much that he never perfectly recovered. The languishing state of his health drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house; where, with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty six years, with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. From the time of his reception in this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive labours for the good of mankind; the number and variety of which show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity. In 1728, the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, without his knowledge, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His writings are so numerous, that in this sketch we cannot even give a list of them. They were collected and published in 1754, in 6 vols. quarto. His Lyric Poems, his Psalms and Hymns, and his Divine Songs for children, are a sufficient proof of his poetical talents. They have had an amazing number of editions. His treatise on Logic, a masterly performance, has been long used in the most distinguished seminaries. His "Improvement of the Mind" is an excellent work, which may be recommended to all young persons.

This worthy and exemplary man became, towards the end of his days, so infirm that he was confined to his chamber and his bed, where he was worn gradually away, without pain, till he expired in the 75th year of his age.

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. C. M. (*)

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his professions shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so th' impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away, like dust,
Or chaff before the storm

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. S. M. [*]

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners, and their works, shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1. L. M. [*]

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way which sinners go;
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure, pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant, by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
"I blest the path, and drew it plain,
"But you would choose the crooked road;
"And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2. S. M. [*]

Translated according to the divine pattern Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning

1 [MAKER, and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He who hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance:

Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he received from God.

[9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. C. M. (b)

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel who withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. L. M. (b)

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage
His dear Anointed to destroy.

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say:
"This man shall never give us laws:"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made,
"On Zion's everlasting hill;
"My hands shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your sov'reign still."

5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heavenly birth;
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
"The utmost bounds of heathen land:
"To thee the northern isles shall bow."

7 But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke:
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye who sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry and ye die:
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell:
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3. C. M. (b)

Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence from sin and Satan.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven,

And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory, and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd, my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He sheds soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repose.]

What though the hosts of death and hell,
All arm'd, against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 3. L. M. (k)

Ver. 1—5. *A morning psalm.*

1 O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood?
My peace they daily discompose
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. L. M. (b)

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. *Hearing of prayer; or, God our portion and Christ our hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare approach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
Who will bestow some earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favour so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

PSALM 4. C. M. [*]

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. *An evening psalm.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
'Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M. [*]

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those, who in thy mercy trust,
Forever shout for joy.

8 The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6.—C. M. [b]

Complaint in sickness; or, diseases healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye's consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand affords relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak;
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
But silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6.—L. M. [b]

Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindness dost chastise:
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows which I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look, how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair:
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts depart:
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7.—C. M. [b]

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those who seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,

Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel, persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8.—S. M. [*]

God's sovereignty and goodness; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;

Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so!
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name!
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

PSALM 8.—C. M. [*]

Christ's condescension and glorification; or, God made man.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon, which rules the night,
And stars, that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwell so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
And tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death:

And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name;
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8.—1st Part. L. M. [*]
Ver. 1, 2, paraphrased.

The hosanna of the children; or, infants praising God.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8.—2d Part. L. M. [b]
Ver. 3, &c. paraphrased.
Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

1 LORD, what was man when made at first!
Adam, the offspring of the dust!
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place!

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made!
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin:
But he shall reign with power divine!

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Wrath and mercy from the judgment seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men who know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 12. *The wisdom and equity of Providence.*

WHEN the Great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood;
The humble souls, who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
Which their own hands had spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known:
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands

That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10.—C. M. [b]

Prayers heard, and saints saved; or pride, atheism, and oppression punished.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor,
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side?

6 But thou forever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear:
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11.—L. M. [*]

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult, and cry
Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?

2 If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne;
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,

What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM 12.—L. M. [b]

The saint's safety and hope in evil times; or, sins of the tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy, falsehood, &c.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain:
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4 *Yet shall our words be free,* they cry,
Our tongues shall be controll'd by none;
Where is the Lord will ask us why?
Or say our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,

Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall, in the darkest hour,
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12.—C. M. [b]

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion loses ground!
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
Are not our lips our own, they cry,
And who shall be our Lord?

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,

When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13.—L. M. [b]

Pleading with God under desertion: or, hope in darkness.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold'st thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13.—C. M. [b]

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
Which chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, be thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head:

He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM 14.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
That all religion's vain;
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same:
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit;
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name!
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15.—C. M. [*]

Characters of a saint; or, a citizen of Zion; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe an ill report
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15.—L. M. [*]

Religion and justice, goodness and truth; or, duties to God and man; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue:
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, good works profit men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead:
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do:
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!

I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And, by his name forever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16.—3d Part. L. M. [*]

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong:
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM 16.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 1—8.

Support and counsel from God, without merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe:
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy!
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye:
Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
The death and resurrection of Christ.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up;
"My heart and tongue their joys express,
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where souls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave,
"To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne;
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give;
"Thy presence, joys unknown."

4 [Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17.—S. M. [*]

Ver. 15, &c. *Portion of saints and sinners, or, hope and despair in death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They all but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain:
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;

The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath!

PSALM 17.—L. M. [*]

The sinner's portion and the saint's hope; or, the heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below:
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God:
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from despair; or, temptations overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In my distress, I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 20—26. *Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or, if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

4 That sin, that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will,
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;

And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM 18.—3d Part. L. M. [*]
Ver. 30, 31, 32, 46, &c.

Rejoicing in God; or, salvation and triumph.

1 JUST are thy ways; and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or, where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my salvation lives:
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace forever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;

His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait, to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill,
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there his name's forgot;
(He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM 18.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

The conqueror's song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield;
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock, so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives;
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM 19.—1st Part. S. M. [*]

The books of nature and scripture.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit:
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19.—2d Part. S. M. [*]

God's word most excellent; or, sincerity and watchfulness.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,
t spreads diviner light;
alls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

PAUSE.

hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
d thy good Spirit from above,
o guide me, lest I stray.

who can ever find
he errors of his ways?
with a bold presumptuous mind
would not dare transgress

arn me of every sin;
rgive my secret faults;
cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
hose crimes exceed my thoughts.

hile with my heart and tongue
pread thy praise abroad,
pt the worship and the song,
Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19.—L. M. [*]

s of nature and of scripture compared; he glory and success of the gospel.

E heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
n every star thy wisdom shines;

But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light?
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19.—L. P. M. [*]

The books of nature and scripture.

1 GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light

Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker, God ;
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray :
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight :
Not honey so envites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace pass'd,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM 20.—L. M. [*]

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls:
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls:

3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 [O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21.—C. M. *Altered.* [*]

Our country the care of heaven.

1 OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread our wondrous name;
And our successful actions crown'd
With dignity and fame.

3 Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate all just command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom,
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;

Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM 21.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—9. *Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes:
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—16. *The sufferings and death of Christ.*

1 "WHY has my God my soul forsook,
"Nor will a smile afford?"
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,

Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word:
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell;
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup:

But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22.—2d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 20, 21, 27—31. *Christ's sufferings and kingdom.*

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations, yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22.—L. M. [b]

Christ's sufferings and exaltations.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts,
Like lions gaping to devour
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd

6 But God his father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high,
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23.—L. M. [*]

God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord:
Now shall my wants be well supply'd:

His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine,
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23.—C. M. [*]

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM 23.—S. M. [*]

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,

And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Tho' I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24.—C. M. [*]

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near-

5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

PSALM 24.—L. M. [*]

Saints dwell in heaven; or, Christ's ascension

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, & worms, & beasts, & birds
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin, [clean
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,

To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25.—1st Part. S. M. [b]
Ver. 1—11. *Waiting for pardon and direction*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25.—2d Part. S. M. [*]
Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Divine instruction.*

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God:
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face:
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25.—3d Part. S. M. [b]
Ver. 15—22. *Distress of soul; or, backsliding and desertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod!

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo:
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;

Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell!
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
"Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain."

PSALM 26.—L. M. [*]

Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 1—6. *The church is our delight and safety.*

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Prayer and hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart reply'd, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 29.—L. M. [*]

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;

The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign o'er the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever King:
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30.—1st Part. L. M. [b]
Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is:
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30.—2d Part. L. M. [b]
Ver. 6. *Health, sickness, and recovery.*

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust, can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning word remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth & heav'n,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *Deliverance from death.*

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death;
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd,
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,

And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes!"
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 7—13, 18—21.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cry'd;
"My years consum'd in groans;
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown:
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seiz'd and beset me round:
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found

PAUSE.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs;
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32.—S. M. [b]

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne!
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32.—C. M. [*]

Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, confession and forgiveness.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd!

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere:
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress't,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd:
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Repentance and free pardon; or, justification and sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities:
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM 32.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

A guilty conscience eased by confession & pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:

Sing of his name, his ways, his word;
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread:
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs:
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence:
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33.—1st Part. L. P. M. [*]
Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy souls in God rejoice, [voice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
(Those watery treasures know their place)
In the vast store-house of the deep:

He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires and seas, and heaven and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage;
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33.—2d Part. L. P. M. [*]

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength their champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely:
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threatening stand;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just.
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;

We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

God's care of the saints; or, deliverance by prayer.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

Ver. 11—22.

Religious education; or, instructions of piety.

1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eye of God regards his saints,
His ear is open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones:
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 1—10.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day:
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sinner cry'd;

Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes:

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners! come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

PSALM 34.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 11—22. *Exhortation to peace and holiness.*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—9. *Prayer and faith of persecuted saints; or, imprecations mixed with charity.*

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thy avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;

Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surpassing grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 12—14. *Love to enemies; or, the love of Christ to sinners typified in David.*

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed;
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears:
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Blest, and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 5—9. *The perfections and providence of God; or, general providence and special grace.*

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. *Practical Atheism exposed; or, the being and attributes of God asserted.*

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
"God hath no wrath for them to fear,
"Nor will they seek his grace."

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes
But there's a hastening hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36.—S. M. [b]

Ver. 1—7. *The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or, practical Atheism exposed.*

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hands, and head
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love!
Whence all our safety springs:
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

PSALM 37.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—15.

The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief: or, the rewards of the righteous and the wicked: or, the world's hatred, and the saint's patience.

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;

So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven:
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening [sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM 37.—2d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 16, 21, 26—31.

Charity to the poor; or, religion in words and deeds.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms, with liberal heart, he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM 37.—3d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 23—37. *The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;

Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown:
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend:
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38.—C. M. [b]

Guilt of conscience and relief; or, repentance, and prayer for pardon and health.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be forever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 1, 2, 3. *Watchfulness over the tongue; or, prudence and zeal.*

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39.—2d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 4—7. *The vanity of man as mortal.*

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39.—3d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 9—13. *Sick-bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
"Remove thy sharp rebukes;"
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;

Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 6—9.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd Seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40.—L. M. [*]
Ver. 5—10. *Christ our sacrifice.*

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears!
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend, and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

PSALM 41.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted

1 BLEST is the man, whose bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven.
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 1—5. *Desertion and hope; or, complaint of absence from public worship.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure, now,
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 6—11. *Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in affliction.*

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day!
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly rock!
"Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 Nor chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too:
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

PSALM 44.—C. M. [b]
Ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The church's complaint in persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng

Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with Heaven;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given;

6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep, for slaughter bound, we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
Forever hide thy heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground!
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;

We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45.—S. M. [*]

The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel, and the Gentile church.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquest of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand:
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love:
Forget thy father's house:
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy and thy vows.

6 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ!
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM 45.—C. M. [*]

The personal glories and government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King:
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed.
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Christ and his church; or, the mystical marriage.

1 THE King of Saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:

Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice:
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

The church's safety and triumph among nation al desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

PSALM 46.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

God fights for his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice, [rise;
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of Hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47.—C. M. [*]

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high!
His heavenly guards, around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout, and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound:
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords,

PSALM 48.—1st Part. S. M. [*]

Ver. 1—8. *The church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48.—2d Part. S. M. [*]
Ver. 10—14. *The beauty of the church; or, gospel worship and order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,

Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And our's above the sky.

PSALM 49.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 6—14. *Pride and death; or, the vanity of life and riches.*

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcass lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
In terror and despair.]

PSALM 49.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the resurrection.*

1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just
And trample on the poor,

When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home;
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49.—L. M. [b]

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM 50.—1st Part. C. M. (*)
Ver. 1—6.

The last judgment; or, the saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to
"Shall make the world confess [light,

" My sentence of reward is right,
" And heaven adore my grace."

PSALM 50.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.
Obedience is better than sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, " The spacious fields,
" And flocks and herds are mine;
" O'er all the cattle of the hills
" I claim a right divine.

2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,
" Is all that I require.

3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
" My hand shall set thee free;
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare
" The honour due to me.

4 " The man that offers humble praise,
" He glorifies me best:
" And those, that tread my holy ways,
" Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50.—3d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.
The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain
" Will I the world reprove;
" Altars and rites and forms are vain,
" Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without control?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider ye, that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

PSALM 50.—L. M. [b]

Hypocrisy exposed. [warns;

1 THE Lord, the judge, his churches
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more!
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near
And sets their crimes before their eyes,
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM 50.—1st Part. P. M. [b]

The first judgment.

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons forth
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north!
From east to west, the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

2 Behold! the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my covenant stands forever good,
Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship, or the new; [thrones,
There's no distinction here; come, spread their
And near me set my favourites and my sons.

4 I, their Almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: In vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?

While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suffering love:
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous, would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain tho'ts, your crooked works amend:
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

PSALM 50.—2d Part. P. M. [b]

The last judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the day!
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, earth and hell, draw near; let all things
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom; [come
"But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold! my covenant stands forever good,
"Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
"That paid the ancient worship, or the new.
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my favourites and my sons:
"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."

When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God;
"I am the judge: Ye heavens, proclaim abroad
"My just eternal sentence, and declare
"Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain
"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints' attire,
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flames of love, in vain the store
"Of brutal offerings that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.
All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
Give sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace, and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
"Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends,
"While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
"His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That the All-holy could indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears, all nature joins t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
"Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 "Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise:
"Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
"Change your vain tho'ts, your crooked works amend;
"Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend."
Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM 51.—3d Part. L. M. [b]

The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight.
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness

PSALM 51.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 3—13.

riginal and actual sin confessed and pardoned

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 14—17. *Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 4—6. *Victory and deliverance from persecution.*

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first dispers'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob, with all the tribes, shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55.—C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. *Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath:
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!

The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry:
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain;
My lips shall spread his praise:
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55.—S. M. [b]

Ver. 15—17, 19, 22. *Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion ensouraged.*

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground, on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56.—C. M. [*]

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?

O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death!
O set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57.—L. M. [*]

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58.—L. P. M. [*]

Warning to magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure, [hands?
While gold and greatness bribe your

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:

You hear no counsels, cries or tears,
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die.
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their sufferings well repay."

PSALM 60.—C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—5, 10—12. *On a day of humiliation for disappointment in war.*

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off
Must we forever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 "Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
"And dreads thy lifted hand!

"Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
"And save the sinking land."

4 Lift up a banner in the field
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61.—S. M. [b]

Ver. 1—6. *Safety in God.*

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 5—12. *No trust in creatures; or, faith in divine grace and power.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *The morning of a Lord's day.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vis on so divine!

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 6—10. *Midnight thoughts recollected.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power:
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed;
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road,

But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid;
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall forever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

PSALM 63.—L. M. [*]

Longing after God; or, the love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63.—S. M. [*]

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;

No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 65.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

Ver. 1—5. *Public prayer and praise.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 5—13. *Divine Providence in air, earth, and sea; or, the God of nature and grace.*

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundation stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just:
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love, as well as fear.

PSALM 65.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, the blessing of rain.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wondering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65.—3d Part. C. M. [*]

The blessings of the spring; or, God gives rain.

A PSALM FOR THE HUSBANDMAN.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,

Their watery blessings from the sky.
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs.
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Governing power and goodness; or, our grace tried by afflictions.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our sufferings souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for hearing prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare,
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;

He saved my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67.—C. M. [*]

The nation's prosperity, & the church's increase

1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our States, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favourite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And grateful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—6, 32—35. *The vengeance and compassion of God.*

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 17, 18. *Christ's ascension and the gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68.—3d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 19, 9, 20—22. *Praise for temporal blessings; or, common and spiritual mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy & food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—14. *The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul:

"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
"Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry till all my voice be gone;
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
"That men could never pay,
"And gave those honours to thy law,
"Which sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name,
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procur'd for naked souls
"A robe of righteousness.

8 "Amongst my brethren and the Jews,
"I like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring
"The Gentiles near to God.

9 "I came in sinful mortals' stead
"To do my Father's will;
"Yet, when I cleans'd my Father's house,
"They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 "My fastings and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's song;
"But God from his celestial throne,
"Heard my complaining tongue.

11 "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my soul be drown'd;
"He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
"On well establish'd ground.

12 "'Twas in a most accepted hour,
"My prayer arose on high;
"And, for my sake, my God shall hear
"The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69.—2d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasures sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining face;
"Why should thy favourite look like one
"Forsaken of thy grace?

4 "With rage they persecute the man
"That groans beneath thy wound,
"While for a sacrifice I pour
"My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the dust,
"And laugh when I complain;

"Their sharp insulting slanders add
"Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The scandal and the shame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defil'd my name.

7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain:
"My kindred are my grief:
"I ask my friends for comfort round,
"But meet with no relief.

8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst;
"They give me gall for food:
"And, sporting with my dying groans,
"They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul,
"Let thy compassion save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown;
"And thy salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM 69.—3d Part. C. M. [*]

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

1 FATHER! I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

Ver. 7, &c. *Christ's sufferings and zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 [" My Father's house, (said he) was made
" A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then, scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me!

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;

Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 5—9. *The aged saint's reflection and hope.*

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year:
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines;
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line, thy praise.

PSALM 71.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,

Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71.—3d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 17—21. *The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, old age, death, and the resurrection.*

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72.—1st Part. L. M. [*]
The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,

Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold! the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings:
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold;

And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

PSALM 73.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73.—S. M. [b]

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 {Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But, I with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' lives before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74.—C. M. [*]

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy building down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"Come let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou forever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?

And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injured name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hopes their jest:
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75.—L. M. [*]

Power and government from God alone.

1 TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 "To slavery doom'd, thy chosen sons
"Behold their foes triumphant rise;
"And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
"They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 "'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
"Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
"To scourge their legions from the shore,
"And save the remnant of thy race."

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the "empire" God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Nor shall the Lord exalt the just:
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM 76.— C. M. [*]

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell!
Who knows the terror of thy rod!
Thy vengeance, who can tell!

7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,

The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM 77.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes.
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men, that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Comfort derived from ancient providence; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chastening rod!"
(May thine own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King who reigns above:
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

5 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM 78.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Providences of God recorded; or, pious education and instruction of children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er that stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our hosts supply
"Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78.—3d Part. C. M. [*]

The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or, chastisement and salvation.

1 WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand;
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet:

The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast,
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 32, &c. *Backsliding and forgiveness; or, sin punished, and saints saved.*

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!

Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, & spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words, or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant, and his love.

6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80.—L. M. [*]

The church's prayer under affliction; or, the vineyard of God wasted.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide it through;

Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless'd the nations with their fruit;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thine own Son! and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand,
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12 Oh! for his sake attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81.—S. M. [b]

Ver. 1, 8—16. *The warnings of God to his people; or, spiritual blessings and punishments.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
"Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord who set thee free
"From slavery and from sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well:
But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel;

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
"And let them run the dangerous road;
"'Tis their own chosen way

5 "Yet, O! that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock, [flows
"And they should taste the stream that
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82.—L. M. [*]

God the supreme Governor; or, magistrates warned.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will you then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83.—S. M. [b]

A complaint against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread:
The men that hate thy saints, and thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor memory shall be found."

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like forests, to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name,
Or else their stubborn rage confound
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word,
JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84.—2d Part. L. M. [*]
God and his church; or, grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

6 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

7 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee:
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10,—paraphrased.

Delight in ordinance of worship; or, God present in his churches.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God!

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84.—P. M. [b]

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,

And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;

With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

PSALM 85.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—8. *Waiting for an answer to prayer; or, deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85.—2d Part. L. M. [*]
Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by Christ.*

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n:
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86.— C. M. [b]
Ver. 8—13. *A general song of praise to God.*

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall these sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87.—L. M. [*]

The church the birth-place of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born, or nourish'd there!

PSALM 89.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

The covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;

Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live;
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
"Thy children shall be ever blest;
"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celestial powers thy subjects are:
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose,
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure:
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM 89.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 7, &c. *The power and majesty of God; or, reverential worship.*

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord:
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;

How did thy arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89.—3d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 15, &c. *A blessed gospel.*

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

PSALM 89.—4th Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 19, &c. *Christ's mediatorial kingdom or, his divine and human nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
"Among your mortal race,
"His head my holy oil o'erflows,
"The spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
"My people's better King;

"My arm shall beat his rivals down.
"And still new subjects bring.

4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
"With mercy by his side,
"While in my name, through earth and sea
"He shall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his Father and his God
"He shall forever own,
"Call me his rock, his high abode,
"And I'll support my Son.

6 "My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
"At my right hand shall sit;
"Beneath him angels know their place,
"And monarchs at his feet.

7 "My covenant stands forever fast;
"My promises are strong;
"Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
"His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89.—5th Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 30, &c. *The covenant of grace unchangable; or, afflictions without rejection.*

1 "YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
"The children of my Son,
"Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
"And make their folly smart;
"But I'll not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;

" And what eternal love hath spoke,
" Eternal truth shall bind.

4 " Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
" And pledg'd my holiness,
" To seal the sacred promise sure
" To David and his race.

5 " The sun shall see his offspring rise,
" And spread from sea to sea,
" Long as he travels round the skies,
" To give the nations day.

6 " Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
" His kingdom shall endure,
" Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
" Shall be obsery'd no more.

PSALM 89.—2d Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 47, &c. *Mortality and hope.*
A funeral Psalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
" Must death forever rage and reign?
" Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 " Where is thy promise to the just?
" Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89.—P. M. [b]

Ver. 47, &c. *Life, death, and the resurrection.*

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulg'd despair;
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud amen.

PSALM 90.—L. M. [b]

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful song at a Funeral.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid,

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90.—1st Part. C. M. [b]
Ver. 1—5. *Man frail, and God eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin; or, life, old age, and preparation for death.*

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
By one offence to thee,
Adam with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

5 [Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90.—3d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90.—S. M. [b]

Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The frailty and shortness of life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body first;
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Safety in public diseases & dangers.*

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower:
"I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey that seek their blood)
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade

6 If vapours with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,

Israel is safe: The poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd!
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire:
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 9—16. *Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.*

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways.

To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
"I'll honour them in heaven:
"There my salvation shall be shown
"And endless life be given."

PSALM 92.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

A psalm for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die!
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 12, &c. *The church is the garden of God.*

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)

Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93.—L. M. [*]

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93.—1st Part. P. M. [*]

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high:
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar and toss their waves against the skies.

Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93.—2d Part. P. M. [*]

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage:
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new:

There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

*** *Repeat the fourth stanza, if necessary.*

PSALM 94.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1, 2, 7—14. *Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, instructive afflictions.*

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears:"
When will the fools be wise!
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power; [pain,
His wrath shall pierce their souls with
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 16—23. *God our support and comfort; or, deliverance from temptation and persecution.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cry'd;
Thy promise was my prop:
Thy grace stood constant by my side;
Thy spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95.—C. M. [*]

A psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their nature seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand:
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95.—S. M. [*]

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:

We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand, and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95.— L. M. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. [*]
Canaan lost through unbelief; or, a warning to delaying sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King, rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey:
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they
prove!
"Forget my power; abuse my love;
"Since they despise my rest, I swear
"Their feet shall never enter there."

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be forever blest.]

PSALM 96.—C. M. Ver. 1, 10, &c. [*]
Christ's first and second coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;

To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96.—L. P. M. [*]

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word;
Among us is JEHOVAH known;
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

PSALM 97.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

r. 1—5. *Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.*

HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
et the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

n robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
hakes the wide earth and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire, [tombs;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
ly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 6—9. *Christ's incarnation.*

THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
n unknown star directs the road
f eastern sages to their God.

ll ye bright armies of the skies,
worship where the Saviour lies
ngels and kings before him bow,
ose gods on high, and gods below.

t idols totter to the ground,
d their own worshippers confound:
t Judah shout, but Zion sing,
d earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97.—3d Part. L. M. [*]

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97.—C. M. [*] Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

1 YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim!
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Praise for the gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 He spake the word to Abra'm first,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99.—1st Part. S. M. [*]
Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99.—2d Part. S. M. [*]
A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;

His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race,
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

A plain translation. *Praise to our Creator.*

1 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own:
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

A PARAPHRASE.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The northern isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

2 Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101.—L. M. [*]

The magistrate's psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I'll bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favourites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress'd.

PSALM 101.—C. M. [*]

A psalm for a master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;

I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 1—13, 20, 21. *A prayer of the afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

6 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

7 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

8 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

9 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

10 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

11 My locks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

12 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

13 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 13—21.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice!
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102.—L. M. [b]

Ver. 23—28, *Man's mortality and Christ's eternity; or, saints die, but Christ and the church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
That Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"Christ is the same through every age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid,
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside:
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103.—1st Part. L. M. [a]

Ver. 1—7. *Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.*

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;

Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM 103.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 8—18. *God's gentle chastisement; or, his tender mercy to his people.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines:
His strokes are lighter than our sins:
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon
As morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103.—1st Part. S. M. [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103.—2d Part. S. M. [*]
Ver. 8—18. *Abounding compassion of God; or, mercy in the midst of judgment.*

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103.—3d Part. S. M. [*]

Ver. 19—22. *God's universal dominion; or, angels praise the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM 104.—L. M. [*]

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

NOTE.—This psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to every stanza, viz:

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?]

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God, from his cloudy cisterns, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields an useful juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his name, ye people, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But, when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath and spirit all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd in the dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105.—Abridged. C. M. [*]
God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages, yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abrah'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heavenly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace
To give them Canaan's land,

When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims, thro' the countries round,
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall soon revenge the wrong:
"The man that does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The fenfold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt dy'd;

The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground:
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106.—L. M. Ver. 1—5. [*]
Praise to God; or, communion with saints.

1 TO God the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm forever stands!
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106.—S. M. [*]
Ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. *Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he redue'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And christians join the solemn word,
Amen to all the praise.

PSALM 107.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Israel led to Canaan, and christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy, ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record:
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round,
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name:
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found:
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;

Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107.—3d Part. L. M. [*]

Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a psalm for the glutton and the drunkard.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment!
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!

And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107.—4th Part. L. M. [*]
Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, the seaman's song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heavens they mount amain;
Now sink to dreadful deeps again:
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107.—C. M. [*]
The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,

The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again:
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107.—Last Part. L. M. [*]

Colonies planted; or, nations blessed & punished.

A Psalm for New-England.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruits supply their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest: but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their children die by barbarous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence:

And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 109.—C. M. [b]

Ver. 4—5, 31. *Love to enemies from the example of Christ.*

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song,
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before mine eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, the success of the gospel.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall shew thy power is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple gate.
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die,
"But everlasting life is thine,
"To save forever those that fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchisedek was made
"On earth a king and priest at once;
"And thou, my heavenly priest, shall plead,
"And thou, my king, shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus, the priest, ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110.—C. M. [*]

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do?
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, who Abrah'm blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our priest forever lives
To plead for us above;

Jesus our King forever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111.—2d Part. C. M. [*].

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin,
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112.—L. P. M. [*]

The blessings of the liberal man.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends:
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd:
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE. [b]

5 [5 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on a rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd:
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112.—L. M. [*]

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his [word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd;

He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112.—C. M. [*]

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113.—L. P. M. [*]

The majesty and condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might!

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name:
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113.—L. M. [*]

God sovereign and gracious.

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In very age his praises sing:

Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love; he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114.—L. M. [*]

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Lift the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: See him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115.—L. M. [*]

The true God our refuge; or, idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;

Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best, a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears, they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave:
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115.—P. M. [*]

Popish idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name.
Shine through the earth from heaven thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heaven is thy higher court; there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done.
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heavens he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made.
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say,
Which is more stupid, or their gods, or they.
O Israel, trust the Lord! he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship dôes a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.]

6 In God we trust; our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had cloe'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd, and live: Let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116.—1st Part. C. M. [b]

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead:
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;

"Thy power can rescue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116.—2d Part. C. M. [b]

Ver. 12, &c. *Vows, made in trouble, paid in the church; or, public thanks for private deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;

Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117.—C. M. [*]

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue:
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung!

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117.—L. M. [*]

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 117.—S. M. [*]

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 6—15. *Deliverance from tumult.*

1 THE Lord appears my helper now.
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since Heaven affords me aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round;
A large and angry swarm!
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 17—21. *Public praise for deliverance from death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118.—3d Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 22, 23.

Christ the foundation of his church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118.—4th Part. C. M. [*]

Ver. 24—26. *Hosanna; the Lord's-day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118.—S. M. [*]

Ver. 22—27. *An hosanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.*

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;

Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays:
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 22—27. *An hosanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.*

1 LO! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints, be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest.

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King,
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connexion. In some places, among the words,* law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c. *as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM 119.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness; or constant converse with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119.—3d Part. C. M. [*]

Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes:
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal life shall end
'Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119.—4th Part. C. M. [b]

Instruction from scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;

Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]
Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.
8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119.—5th Part. C. M. [*]

Delight in scripture; or, the word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
Ver. 148.
2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
Ver. 3, 13, 54.
3 How doth thy word my heart engage
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.
Ver. 19, 103.
4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
Ver. 72, 127.
5 No treasures so enrich the mind
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119.— 6th Part. C. M. [*]

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey,
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119.—7th Part. C. M. [*]

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Ver. 96 paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book

Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness,
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119.—8th Part. C. M. [*]

The word of God is the saint's portion; or, the excellency and variety of scripture.

Ver. 111 paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,

While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119.—9th Part. C. M. [*]

Desire of knowledge; or, the teachings of the Spirit with the word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Verse 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.
Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law;
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.
Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM 119.—10th Part. C. M. [b]

Pleading the promises.
Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.
Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.
Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!

Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare approach my hope.
Ver. 49, 74.
4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119.—11th Part. C. M. [b]

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.
1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
Ver. 29.
2 O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
Ver. 37, 36.
3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
Ver. 133.
4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
Ver. 176.
5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119.—12th Part. C. M. [b]

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me;
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And make my comforts rise?

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
T those that love thy name.

PSALM 119.—13th Part. C. M. [b]

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10. [face,

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way!

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119.—14th Part. C. M. [b]

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul opprest with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe:
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119.—15th Part. C. M. [*]

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy statutes, every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name; [hear,
I'll speak thy word, though kings should
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119.—16th Part. C. M. [b]

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy ways,
Lest I should loiter in my race
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119.—17th Part. L. M. [b]

Courage and perseverance under persecution; or, grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110. [lies,

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119.—Last Part. L. M. [b]

Sanctified afflictions; or, delight in the word of God.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;

'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the South,
Or Western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120.—C. M. [b]

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, a devout wish for peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!

I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121.—L. M. [*]

Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood,
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening vale, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord: his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 121.—C. M. [*]

Preservation by day and night.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;

Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121.—Hallelujah M. [*]

God our preserver

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep,
Which never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

PSALM 122.—C. M. [*]

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,

"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest:
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122.—S. P. M. [*]

Going to church.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength emb[illegible] thee round

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th stanza, if necessary.

PSALM 123.—C. M. [*]

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And, fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those who in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124.—L. M. [*]

A song for public deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare.
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;

He, that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes

PSALM 125.—C. M. [*]

The saint's trial and safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125.—S. M. [*]

The saint's trial and safety; or, moderated afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,

So God and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126.—L. M. [*]

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, & grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126.—C. M. [*]

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd
And own'd thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127.—L. M. [b]

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM 127.—C. M. [b]

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128.—C. M. [*]

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129.—C. M. [b]

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky:
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn that on the housetop stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130.—C. M. [4]

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 130.—L. M. [*]

Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress & troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh could stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word;
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131.—C. M. [b]

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. L. M. Ver. 5, 13—18. [*]

At the settlement of a church; or, the ordination of a minister.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion, for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread.
"Sinners that wait before my door,
"With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, & cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers shall shine;
"Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
"Made an appearance so divine.

6 "The saints, unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
"The Son of David here shall reign,
"And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [" Jesus shall see a numerous seed
" Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
' His crown shall flourish on his head,
" While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

PSALM 132.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. *A church established.*

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne
And, as his kingdom grows.
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. C. M. [*]

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133.—S. M. [*]

Communion of saints; or, love and worship in a family.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133.—S. P. M. [*]

The blessings of friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see,
Kindred and friends agree;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

[*Repeat the first stanza, if necessary.*]

PSALM 134. C. M. [*]

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135.—1st Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

The church is God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declare
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known Th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Ver. 5—12. *The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers, and every throne;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135.—C. M. [*]

Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH'S known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf.
Nor hear when mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear:
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136.—C. M. [*]

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of the people.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign
His mercies still endure; [Lord,

And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done;
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth and sea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night:
His works are all divine.

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a passage through,
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd,
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land:
And faithful is his word.]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in;
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our wo;
(His goodness never fails;)
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM 136.—P. M. [*]

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead.
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.

His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe,
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state,
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

PSALM 136. Abridged. L. M. [*]

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Of Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown,
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 138.—L. M. [*]

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 [WITH all my powers of heart & tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139.—1st Part. L. M. [b]

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy.
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM 139.—2d Part. L. M. [b]

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;

Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Were copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give mine eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139.—3d Part. L. M. [b]

Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or, the heart-searching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though mine own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139.—1st Part. C. M. [*]

God is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest:
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven, thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139.—2d Part. C. M. [*]

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work: I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part, [laid
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
Was copy'd by thine art.

4 Heaven, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139.—3d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 14, 17, 18. *The mercies of God innumerable.*

An evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill:
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee!

PSALM 141.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 2—5. *Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.*

A morning or evening Psalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment, shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief:
And, by my warm petitions, prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142.—C. M. [b]

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woe,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers pass'd me by,
Neglected and unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143.—L. M. [b]

Complaint of heavy afflictions of mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne:
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;

I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands, for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God forever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice.

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144.—1st Part. C. M. [a]

Ver. 1, 2. *Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.*

1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144.—2d Part C. M. [b]

Ver. 3—6. *The vanity of man, and condescension of God.*

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust!

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144.—L. M. [*]

Ver. 12—15. *Grace above riches; or, the happy nation.*

1 HAPPY the city where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 145.—L. M. [*]

The greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let "every realm with joy" proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 145.—1st Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 1—7, 11—13. *The greatness of God.*

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove

PSALM 145.—2d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 7, &c. *The goodness of God.*

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145.—3d Part. C. M. [*]
Ver. 14, 17, &c. *Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.*

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM 146.—L. M. [*]

Praise to God for his goodness and truth

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In works so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;

Their breath departs, their pomp & power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146.—L. P. M. [*]

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147.—1st Part. L. M. [*]
The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

5 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM 147.—2d Part. L. M. [*]

Summer and winter.

1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
"For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
"And glorious is the work of praise."

2 Our children are secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground:
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow:
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

6 To all our realm his laws are shown:
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land.—Praise ye the Lord!

PSALM 147.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 7—9, 13—18. *The seasons of the year.*

1 WITH songs and honours sounding
Address the Lord on high; [loud,
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;

But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground:
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148.—P. M. [*]

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,

Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, | And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past:
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In different ways | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore | And still display
Their tribute pay, | Their Maker's power

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine | Let earth adore
Or thunders roar, | His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear

Beasts wild and tame, | In various forms,
Birds, flies, and worms, | Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King:
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing.
Nor let the dream | Make you forget
Of power and state | His power supreme.

9 Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns | By every tongue
His name be sung | In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his lov .
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honours high.

PSALM 148.—L. M. [*]

Paraphrased. *Universal praise to God.*

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord [dwell;
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This Psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to every stanza, viz.

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee!
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire:
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains:
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!

But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM 148.—S. M. [*]

Universal praise.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE. I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise:

Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be exprest;
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;

God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149.—C. M. [*]

Praise God, all his saints; or, the saints judging the world.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150.—C. M. [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A song of praise.*

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

I.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

P. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.
Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plinæus *in Epist.*

HAVERHILL, (MASS.)
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HYMNS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN I.—C. M. [*]

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2.—L. M. [*]

The deity and humanity of Christ. John i. 1 3, 14. Col. i. 16 and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son!
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his flesh the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3.—S. M. [*]

The nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c.—ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfil'd;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child!

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit Christ your King;"

And straight a flaming troop was seen
The shepherds heard them sing,

7 "Glory to God on high,
"And heavenly peace on earth;
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs;

9 "Glory to God on high,
"And heavenly peace on earth;
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth."]

HYMN 4. *Referred to the 2d Psalm.*

HYMN 5.—C. M. [b]

Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repay'd anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will;
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6.—C. M. [*]

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7.—C. M. [*]

The invitation of the gospel; or, spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 "Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
"That feed upon the wind,
"And vainly strive with earthly toys
"To fill an empty mind:

3 "Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
"A soul-reviving feast,
"And bids your longing appetites
"The rich provision taste.

4 "Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
"And pine away and die;
"Here you may quench your raging thirst
"With springs that never dry.

5 "Rivers of love and mercy here
"In a rich ocean join;
"Salvation in abundance flows,
"Like floods of milk and wine.

6 ["Ye perishing and naked poor,
"Who work with mighty pain
"To weave a garment of your own,
"That will not hide your sin;

7 "Come naked, and adorn your souls
"In robes prepar'd by God,
"Wrought by the labours of his Son,
"And dy'd in his own blood."]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8.—C. M. [*]

The safety and protection of the church.

Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jeho
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the rebels div
His arm shall bring them
Low as the caverns of the
Their lofty heads shall bo

7 On Babylon our feet shall tre
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 9.—C. M. [*]

The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
4 Will starve a hungry mind.

"Haste, and the Lord shall feed our souls
"With more substantial meat,
"Such as saints in glory love,
5 "Pith such as angels eat.

"God will ev'ry want supply,
"And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
6 The riches of his grace.

"Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
"And wash away our stains,
The dear fountain that his Son
7 "Come'd from his dying veins.

"In robe all vanish all away,
"Wrought ick as hell before;
"And dy'l sink beneath the sea,
8 Dear God! be found no more.

Are ever lution should o'erspread
Deep as our d pow'rs again,
And he shall bedew our souls
[urifying rain.]

9 The
Heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That tears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd;
And from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN 10.—S. M. [*].

The blessedness of gospel times; or, the revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are—
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11.—L. M. [*]

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled; or, the sovereignty of grace. Luke x 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

2 "I thank thy sovereign power and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
"From men of prudence and of might;
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes
"And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
"And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
"But where the Father makes him known.

6 "Then let our souls adore our God,
"That deals his graces as he please;
"Nor gives to mortals an account
"Or of his actions, or decrees."

HYMN 12.—C. M. [*]

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise:

2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
'Has made thy gospel known.

3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise:
"While pride and carnal reas'nings join
"To swell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

HYMN 13.—L. M. [*

The Son of God incarnate; or, the titles and kingdom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his name or titles be?
'The WONDERFUL the COUNSELLOR!"

3 [This infant is the Mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominion shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reigns to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 14.—L. M. [*]

The triumph of faith; or, Christ's unchangeable love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there!
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour;

Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 15.—L. M. [*]

Our own weakness; or, Christ our strength.
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day,"
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN 16.—C. M. [*]

Hosanna to Christ. Mat. lxxi. 9. L. xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!

His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

3 The Root of David here, we find,
And Offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17.—C. M. [*]

Victory over death. 1. Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us ecuqu'rors, while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 18.—C. M. [b]

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord!
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 19.—C. M. [*]

The song of Simeon; or, death made desirable.
Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies!
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands;

"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 20.—C. M. [*]

Spiritual apparel; namely, the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN 21.—C. M. [*]

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies!

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King!

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, & griefs, & fears,
"And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMNS 22, 23. *Referred to the 125th Psalm.*

HYMN 24.—L. M. [b]

The rich sinner dying. Psalm xlix. 6, 9. Eccles. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3 Their ling'ring, their unwilling souls
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heaps of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN 25.—L. M. [*]

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

1 ALL mortal vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold! amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears!

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore:
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;

Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

5 The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."]

6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our king!"

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy forever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

HYMN 26.—C. M. [*]

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.
1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27.—C. M. [b]

Assurance of heaven; or, a saint prepared to die. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;

But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

HYMN 28.—C. M. [*]

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of the church. Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaims
'Tis some victorious king:
"'Tis I, the just, th' Almighty One,
"That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I, by myself, have trod the press,
"And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
"My fury stamp'd them down.

5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
"That dare insult my saints;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

HYMN 29.—C. M. [*]

The triumph of Christ; or, the ruin of anti-christ. Isa. lxiii. 4—7.

1 "I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where antichrist has stood;
"The city of my gospel foes
"Shall be a field of blood.

2 "My heart has study'd just revenge,
"And now the day appears,
"The day of my redeem'd is come,
"To wipe away their tears.

3 "Quite weary is my patience grown,
"And bids my fury go;
"Swift as the lightning it shall move,
"And be as fatal too.

4 "I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my gospel none?
"Well, mine own arm has might enough
"To crush my foes alone.

5 "Slaughter and my devouring sword
"Shall walk the streets around,
"Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
"And stagger to the ground."

6 Thine honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

HYMN 30. L. M. (*)

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 "Come, children, to your Father's arms,
"Hide in the chambers of my grace,
"Till the fierce storms be over blown,
"And my revenging fury cease.

6 "My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
"And drink the blood of haughty kings,
"While heavenly peace around my flock
"Stretches its soft and shady wings."

HYMN 31. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

HYMN 32. C. M. (*)

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27—30.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts
And where's our courage fled? arise?

Has restless sin, and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMNS 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38—*Referred to Psalms* 131, 134, 67, 73, 90, *and* 84.

HYMN 39.—C. M. (*)

God's tender care of his church. Isa. xlix. 13.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
Some mercy drops has thrown;
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?

Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
"Sion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

HYMN 40.—L. M. (*)

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.
Rev. 7, 13, &c.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels these,
"That all their robes are spotless white?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive
"At the pure realms of heavenly light?"

2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
Thro' seas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their blest eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst begone;

And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years;
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

HYMN 41. C. M. (*)

The same; or, the martyrs glorified.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine,
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy seats
"Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;

The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42. C. M. (b)

Divine wrath and mercy; from Nahum i. 1, &c.

1 "ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *consuming fire*;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, Oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

(*) *Heb. xii. 29.*

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN 43. *Referred to the 100th Psalm.*
HYMN 44. *Referred to the 133d Psalm.*

HYMN 45. C. M. [*]

The last judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 [" I am the first, and I the last,
" Through endless years the same;
" I AM is my memorial still,
" And my eternal name.

3 " Such favours as a God can give,
" My royal grace bestows;
" Ye thirsty souls, come, taste the streams,
" Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 [" The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
" I'll own him for a son;
" The whole creation shall reward
" The conquests he has won.

5 " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithless and the scoffing crew,
" That spurn at offer'd grace:

6 " They shall be taken from my sight,
" Bound fast in iron chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkness reigns."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head.

8 May I with those forever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

HYMN 46, *and* 47. *Referred to Psalm* 148, *and Psalm* 3.

HYMN 48.—L. M. [*]

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE our souls, (away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49.—C. M. [*]

The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M: [*]

The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist; or, light and salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 67, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel blest'd,
Who makes his truth appear;

His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root,
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be every vale exalted high,
"Sink every mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.

7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
"Shall join, in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
"Ye that in darkness sit;
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN 51. S. M. [*]

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52.—L. M. [*]

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 "TWAS the commission of the Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the darksome Gentile lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord:
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53. L. M. [*]

The Holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
The book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54. L. M. [*]

Electing grace; or, saints beloved in Christ.
Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glories of his grace.

5 With Christ, our Lord, we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN 55. C. M. [*]

Hezekiah's song; or, sickness and recovery.
Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 56. C. M. [*]

The song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
Through all the nations known

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,

Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M. [b]

Original sin; or, the first and second Adam.
Rom. v. 12, &c. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power, from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign Power
That new creates our dust!

HYMN 58. L. M. [*]

The devil vanquished; or, Michael's war with the dragon. Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael
Chief general of th' eternal King, [stood
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;

Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN 59. L. M. [*]

Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon;
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
"God shall avenge your long complaints."

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood,
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
"Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN 60. L. M. (*)

The virgin Mary's song; or, the promised Messiah born. Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the per'ormance is secure.

5 He spake to Abrah'm and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;".
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the Desire of Nations comes:
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M. [*]

Christ our High Priest and King; and Christ coming to judgment. Rev. i. 5—7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 62.—C. M. [*]

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63.—L. M. [*]

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness there.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN 64.—S. M. [*

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65. L. M. [*]

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of the Lord; or, the day of judgment. Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66. L. M. [*]

Christ, the King, at his table.
Solomon's Song, i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
My soul shall fly into thine arms:
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume, [room,]
And breathe like spikenard round the

7 As myrrh, new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;

And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67. L. M. [*]

Seeking the pastures of Christ the shepherd.
Solomon's Song, i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock;
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds & groans & tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN 68. L. M. [*]

The banquet of love. Solomon's Song, ii. 1—7.

1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine,
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread and gen'rous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts, how kind they be.

6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN 69. L. M. [*]

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company. Solomon's Song, ii. 8—13.

1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now, through the veil of flesh, I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;

"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away;
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
"The sacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
"Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 70. L. M. [*]

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation. Solomon's Song, ii. 14, 16, 17.

1 HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove who hidest in the rock,
"Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Though the vain world thy face despise,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and that of praise.

5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN 71. L. M. [b]

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church. Solomon's Song, iii: 1—5.

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night;
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come

To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 72. L. M. [*]

The coronation of Christ; and espousals of the church. Solomon's Song; iii. 11.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 O! let each minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73. L. M. [*]

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Solomon's Song, iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word;
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries;
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]

3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
"I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy powerful love my heart retains
"In strong delight and pleasing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Not dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,

Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74. L. M. [*]

The church the garden of Christ. Solomon's Song, iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
"The blessings that my Father sends:
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

HYMN 75. L. M. [*]

The description of Christ the beloved.

Solomon's Song, v. 9—12, 14—16.

1 THE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A Sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Close by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now, on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.

8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord;
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 76. L. M. (*)

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.
Solomon's Song, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

He has engross'd my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move:

I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are:
No chariot of Amminadib
Th' heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.]

HYMN 77. L. M. [*]

The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her, and provisions for her. Solomon's Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW, in the gall'ries of his grace,
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love how pleasant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows, sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below:
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;

Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN 78. L. M. [*]

The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own. Solomon's Song, viii 5—7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.

3 "O let my name engraven stand
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love forever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impress'd
"As a fair signet on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN 79. L. M. [*]

A morning hymn. Ps. xix. 5, 8. & lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines;

3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wand'ring star.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 80. L. M. (*)

An evening hymn. Ps. iv. 8. & iii. 5, 6, &c. xliii. 8

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And, I perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 81. L. M. (*)

A song for morning or evening. Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command:
To thee I consecrate my days:

Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. L. M. [b]

God far above all creatures; or, man vain and mortal. Job iv. 17.—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the Spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight:
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power to thee we bow:
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. C. M. [b]

Afflictions & death under providence, Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause;
And trust his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that ere I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. L. M. [*]

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ
Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks! let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 "I am the Last, and I the First,
"The Saviour God, and God the Just:
"There's none beside pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

3 ["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands,
"Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return,
"To me shall all things bend the knee,
"And every tongue shall swear to me.]

"In me alone shall men confess
"Lies all their strength and righteousness.

" But such as dare despise my name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 " In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
" Of Israel from their sins be freed,
" And by their shining graces prove
" Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 85. S. M. [*]

The same.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
" Mercy and justice are the names
" By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
" In darkness and distress,
" Look from the borders of the pit
" To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
" Our righteousness and strength is found
" In thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 86.—C. M. [b]

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
I'll make no more pretence:

Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea.
Flies on the stormy wind:
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN 87. L. M. [*]

God dwells with the humble and penitent.
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God, I dwell on high,
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below,
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive:
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 " When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been;
" But should my wrath forever smoke,
" Their souls would sink beneath my
stroke."

5 (O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.)

HYMN 88. L. M. [b]

Life, the day of grace, and hope.

Eccl. ix. 4—6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 (Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.)

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 (Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.)

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste:
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. L. M. [b]

Youth and judgment. Eccles. xi. 9.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth: but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90. C. M. (b)

The same.

1 LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away,
To be forever blest.

HYMN 91. L. M. [b]

Advice to youth; or, old age and death in an unconverted state. Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head!

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92.—S. M. (*)

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22, 36.

1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 (Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.)

6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well;
With joy I saw the mansion, where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;

Happy the man that keeps my ways,
The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 93. L. M. [*]

Christ; or, Wisdom obeyed or resisted.
Prov. viii. 34, 36.

1 THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools, that against my grace rebel,
Seek death and love the road to hell.

HYMN 94. C. M. (b)

Justification by faith, not by works; or, the law condemns, grace justifies. Rom. iii. 19, 22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M. [*]

Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. C. M. [*]

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26, 31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace!

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace;
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.

1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98. S. M.

The same. (b)

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure!
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99. C. M. (b)

Stones made children of Abraham; or, grace not conveyed by religious parents. Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abrah'm well,
With new created sons.

3 Such wondrous power doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN 100. L. M. (*)

Believe, and be saved. John iii. 16—18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101. L. M. (*)

Joy in Heaven, for a repenting sinner.
Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M. (a)

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

3 Blest are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 103. C. M. (*)

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. C. M. [*]

A state of nature and of grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,

Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctifi'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. C. M. [a]

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 106. S. M. [*]

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi.1,2,6

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. L. M. [b]

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell;
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son:
"He shall destroy what thou hast done:

"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 [He spake—and bid four thousand years
Roll on;—at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108. S. M. [a]

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M. [b]

The value of Christ and his righteousness.
Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss:

My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110. C. M. [*]

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M. [*]

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been:
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done,
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M. [*]

The brazen serpent; or, looking to Jesus. John iii. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M. [*]

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Gen xvii 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same:
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 114. C. M. [*]

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood:
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God:
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. C. M [b]

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom.vii.8, 9.14.24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright:
But, since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. L. M [*]

Love to God and our neighbour. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God
"With utmost vigour and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affection and esteem;
"And let thy kindness to thyself
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.

4 But O! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. L. M. [b]

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay!
He forms his vessels as he please:
Such is our God; and such are we,
The subjects of his just decrees.

2 [Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 [What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then he shall make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,

With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. S. M. [*]

Moses and Christ; or, sin against the law and gospel. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, & x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119.—C. M. (*)

The different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23. 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital saviour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M. [*]

Faith of things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M. [*]

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33. (For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 122. L. M. [*]

Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. vi. 3, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord:
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:

The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. C. M. [b]

The repenting prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Has wasted his estate;
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger, here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My Father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
"Fall down before his face;
"Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said—and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his Father's love;
The Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The Father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain;
"Let mirth and joy abound!
"My son was dead, and lives again,
"Was lost and now is found."

HYMN 124. L. M. [b]

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own:
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'rer, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life;—there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord, our righteousness.]

HYMN 125. C. M. [*]

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.
Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But, spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M. [b]

Charity and uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17. 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;

Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M. [*]

Christ's invitation to sinners; or, humility and pride. Mat. xi. 28—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners, come:
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M. [*]

The apostles' commission; or, the gospel attested by miracles. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

"GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 [I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,

By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid
Tho' Greeks reproach, & Jews blaspheme.

4 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M. [*]

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering his son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abrah'm forbear," the angel cry'd;
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring power.

The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. L. M. [b]

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints;
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. L. M. [*]

The pharisee and publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee;
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 *This* man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;

The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M. [a]

Holiness and grace. Titus ii. 10—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. C. M. [b]

Love and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;

She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

HYMN 134. L. M. [*]

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—9

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. L. M. [*]

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. C. M. [*]

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, formality in worship. John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;

But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. L. M. (*)

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given:
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. C. M. (*)

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 139. L. M. [a]

Hope in the covenant; or, God's promise and truth unchangeable. Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
Whilst tempests flow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140. C. M. (a)

A living and a dead faith; collected from several scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast.

Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God:
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 141 S. M. [b]

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.

Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?

Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure," saith the God of grace
"Shall prosper in his hand.

6 [His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.]

7 [Ten thousand captive slaves,
Releas'd from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his power divine.]

8 [Heaven shall advance my Son
To joys that earth deny'd;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins, and dy'd."]

HYMN 142.—C. M.

The same. Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away:
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN 143. C. M [b]

Characters of the children of God; from several scriptures.

1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste;
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.

5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access, at every hour,
To God, within the vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144. C. M. [*]

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii 14, 16. Eph. i, 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven!
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. C. M. (*)

Christ and Aaron; taken from Heb. vii, & ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings bro't,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away,
Forever, all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. L. M. (*)

Character of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in scripture

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;

Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!

7 Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, the saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;

Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

11 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise—divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

13 Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.

16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. L. M. [*]

The names and titles of Christ; from several scriptures.

1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face.
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move
The Lamb resents his injur'd love:
Awakes his wrath without delay
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
"Light of the world, and life of men;"
Nor bears those characters in vain

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascend
Divides the rebels from his friends.
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148. Hallelujah Metre. [*]

The same.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature nor art | Sufficient forms
Can e'er supply | Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's | Inherits and
Eternal Son | Partakes the throne.

3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own names upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is called | He rules the earth
The Word of God," | With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath | As lions roar
Without delay, | And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes:
"Light of the world, | Nor will he bear
"And Life of men;" | Those names in vain

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,

When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend, | Divinely kind,
And brother too; | Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints | The heights and depths
Completely prove | Of all his love.

HYMN 149. L. M. (*)

The offices of Christ, from several scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power,
That ever men or angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O, what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 The "Angel of the covenant" stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with Heav'n.

5 My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd—he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;

He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd—
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high—
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds;
The Captain of Salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death, and hell, & powers unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

HYMN 150. Hallelujah Metre. [*]

The same.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy | What forms of love
And wonder see | He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from | To make his grace
His Father's throne, | To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news | Of hell subdu'd,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with Heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet | Nor rove, nor seek
Ne'er run astray, | The crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's voice:
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, | His bosom bears
He calls their names; | The tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.

Behold my soul | My Surety paid
At freedom set! | The dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone; | Before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell | Shall turn his heart,
Or sin can say | His love away.

10 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
Behold I sit | Beneath thy feet.

11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint | Though death and hell
Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe; | Superior power
For Christ displays | And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

.....

HYMN 1. Long Metre. [*]

A song of praise to God.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall
God the Creator and the King; [sing
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.

4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

5 These Western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]

6 Raise monumental praises high
To Him who thunders through the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

9 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

HYMN 2. C. M. [b]

The death of a sinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends;
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;

Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

HYMN 3. C. M. [b]

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints be blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. L. M. [*]

Salvation in the cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my soul away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish—here to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here;
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God;
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 5. L. M. [*]

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul, [roll
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by the cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man, that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above:
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Falls far below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay—and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6. C. M. [*]

A morning song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand

Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun:
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7. C. M. [*]

An evening song.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard:
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8. C. M. (*)

A hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand:
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room:
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day:
For death stands ready at the door
To snatch our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law:
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9.—C. M. (b)

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. C. M. [b]

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell:
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire:
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
Am'rit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler o. the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. L. M. (*)

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away:
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your syrens had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss:

That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. C. M. (b)

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love:
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have dy'd:"
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M. * (*)

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord, who built the skies,
The Lord, who rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and fram'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust;
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again.

5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN 14. S. M. [*]

The Lord's-day; or, delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M. [*]

The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand;
And, in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail! great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:

Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

HYMN 16. L. M. [*]

Part the second.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, My God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. C. M. (*)

God's eternity.

1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;

And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' Eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN 18. L. M. [¶

The ministry of angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb!
"Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim—*the Saviour's come*

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of Hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 19. C. M. [97

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spake—and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions, rose;

"Let blood, (said he) flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. C. M. [b]

Backslidings and returns; or, the inconstancy of our love.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove;
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair, deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;

Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief!

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast!

HYMN 21. L. M. [*]

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold! a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulf, where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours given:
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

HYMN 22. L. M. [b]

With God is terrible majesty.

1 TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand;
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly;
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt—and feels it still—
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endless burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;
Throw down your arms before his throne:
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23. L. M. (c)

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN 24. L. M. [*]

The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels & men.

1 When the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And every bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat!
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

3 [']Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire, the rebel lies·

How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies!]

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place:
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days' labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arms we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25. C. M. (s)

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull!

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move;
Upwards our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN 26. L. M. [*]

God invisible.

1 LORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh! 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great ETERNAL reigns alone;
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright;
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27. L. M. (*)

Praise ye him, all his angels. Psalm cxlviii, 2.

1 GOD! the eternal, awful name,
That the whole heavenly army fears
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak—for you felt his burning love—
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth, have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his power and justice too;
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss

7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts,
Fast to the racks of long despair!

8 [Shout to your King, ye heavenly host;
You that beheld the sinking foe;

Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept ye so.

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies;
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.]

HYMN 28. C. M. (b)

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few:
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh, the soul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way!

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts—triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair!

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 29. C. M. [*]

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood;

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 30. S. M. [*]

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God:
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 31. L. M. [*]

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away!
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32. C. M. [b]

Frailty and folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedless on:
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above;
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M. [*]

The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, There's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon:
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banish'd sin, and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne:
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite THREE-ONE.

7 [But, oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!

[an thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there?

HYMN 34. C. M. (*)

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours

HYMN 35. C. M. (*)

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;

But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.

3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Twas He restor'd our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M. (*)

Christ's intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing:
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
"Hosanna to the God of grace,
"Who lays his thunder by.]

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 37. C. M. [*]

The same.

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seat,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;

He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.]

HYMN 38. C. M. [*]

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too:
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. C. M. [b]

The shortness and misery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too!
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
That Heaven allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste:
Moments of sin and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40. C. M. (*)

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. L. M. [*]

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove:
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 Oh might I once mount up, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies:
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon:
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great ALL IN-ALL, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

HYMN 42. C. M. [*]

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues;

Or, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high:
But, if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate:

6 Just so, our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43. L. M. [*]

Christ's sufferings and glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake my voice in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love!

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath—
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Hell, and its lions, roar'd around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shade of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace:
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!

HYMN 44. L. M. (b)

Hell; or, the vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipt in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;

Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul; and kiss the Son—
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45. L. M. [*]

God's condescension to our worship.

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls.
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs:
But heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues:

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. L. M. [*]

God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod:
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,

Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels, and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform:
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.

7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. L. M. (*)

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue.
Hosanna to th' Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48. C. M. (*)

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;

And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49.—C. M. (b)

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50. L. M. (b)

Comforts under sorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns his bowels move;

Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51. L. M. (*)

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat:
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand:
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity:
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 [Their glory shines with equal beams:
Their essence is forever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
THE FATHER GOD, and GOD THE SON.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be ador'd:
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.]

HYMN 52. C. M. (b)

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes:
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear:
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOREVER there!

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promis'd heaven to me,

And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy Spirits be

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day:
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53. C. M. (b)

The pilgrimage of the saints; or, earth and heaven.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply:
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet:
And faith, and flaming zeal, subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam:
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray:
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.]

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King,
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54. C. M. [*]

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!

He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 55. C. M. [b]

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame:
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 56. C. M. (b)

The misery of being without God in this world; or, vain prosperity.

1 NO! I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head;
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores
And tell how bright they shine;

Your heaps of glit'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine!

HYMN 57. L. M. [*]

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin
Should storms of wrath shake earth & sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away!
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys;
But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58. C. M. [b]

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis,
And days how swift they are!

Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say—*they're here*:
But only say—*they're past*.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59. C. M. (*)

Paradise on earth.

1 GLORY to God, who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through:
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below

2 [Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows!
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne!]

7 But ah! how soon my joys decay;
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when,
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness here!

9 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN 60. L. M. (*)

The truth of God the promiser; or, the promises are our security.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give:
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spake, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round:
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts & fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

7 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,

HYMN 59.
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2 [Glory to God, who
That dust and
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Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his power sustains.

HYMN 61. C. M. (b)

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead:
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then we should see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load,
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God:]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62. C. M. (b)

*God the thunderer; or, the last judgment & hell.**

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:

*Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20, 1697.

Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne:
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams—
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along!

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63. C. M. [b]

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound
Mine ears, attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M. [*]

God the glory and defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. C. M. (*)

The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. C. M. (*)

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from our's.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M. [*]

God's eternal dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;

While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou.
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 68. C. M. [*]

The humble worship of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode!
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight!

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder, and with love.

5 Then, at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty, and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.]

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69. C. M. (f)

The faithfulness of God in the promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim *salvation from the Lord,*
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please;
He speaks—and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said—*Let the wide heaven be spread,*
And heaven was stretch'd abroad:

Abrah'm, I'll be thy God, he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

8 Oh, might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper—*thou art mine!*
Those gentle words should raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I'd trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70. L. M. [*]

God's dominion over the sea. Ps. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them, silent, in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly flocks, amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 [The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission, sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glorious power ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.

7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9 Oh, for some signal of thy hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land!
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God who rules the sky.

.....

[*From the 70th to the 108th hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme, in the first and third lines of the stanza.*]

HYMN 71.—C. M. (*)

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine;
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 72. C. M. [*]

The Lord's day; or, the resurrection of Christ.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Behold our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vein;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King:

Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas.
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN 73. C. M. [a]

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual joys restored.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be-gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine—
When Jesus told me—*I was his,*
And my beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. S. M. [b]

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness; or, a complaint of ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;

For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh; [stone,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. C. M. [*]

Spiritual and eternal joy; or, the beatific vision of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.]

HYMN 76. C. M. [*]

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See, how the Conqu'rer mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;

Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 77. L. M. [*]

The Christian warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel:
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. C. M. (*)

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,

And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall forever be
The business of our days;
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79. C. M. (*)

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheer'ful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord;
Our souls are all on flame:
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name!

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80. S. M. [*]

God's awful power and goodness.

1 OH! the Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!

Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And, with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well;
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81. C. M. (*)

Our sin the cause of Christ's death.

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain;
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt; O Prince of Peace!
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

HYMN 82. C. M. [*]

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar:
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing:
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. C. M. (*)

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies—
"Awake, my dreadful sword:
"Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
My fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down she flies:
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, oh! the wisdom and the grace,
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high;
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 84. S. M. [*]

The same.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring:
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side!
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.

4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nail no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. C. M. (*)

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?

What doubts are these that waste your
And nourish your despair? [faith

2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never failing grace!
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86. C. M. (*)

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a vi'lent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace:
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

HYMN 87. C. M. (*)

The divine glories above our comprehension.

1 How wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be!
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed THREE,
And the Almighty ONE.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;

In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN 88. C. M. (*)

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. C. M. (*)

Christ's victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep:
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate love!

Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumph thou hast won.

HYMN 90. C. M. (b)

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh! help mine unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

HYMN 91. C. M. (5)

The glory of Christ in heaven.

1 OH, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street:
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But, when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord! how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest abode:

Our tongues rejoice in trnes of praise
To our incarnate God!]

9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 92. C. M. (*)

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed; or, deliverance from treason.

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run:
Ye western skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire;
Thee, our glad voices sing;
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And, on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd;
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, who broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power:
Then let us with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93. S. M. [*]

God all, and in all. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:

No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

HYMN 94. C. M. (*)

God my only happiness. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys:
There's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. C. M. [1]

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and jagged thorns,
His sacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:

Break, break, my heart—oh, burst mine
And let my sorrows bleed. [eyes,

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo!

HYMN 96. C. M. [*]

Distinguishing love; or, angels punished and men saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must Heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing!

HYMN 97. I. M. [*]

The same.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath & darkness chain'd them down;

But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown!

2 Amazing works of sovereign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

HYMN 98. C. M. (b)

Hardness of heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon his flinty throne;
And every grace lies bury'd deep,
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from mine arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99. C. M. (*)

The book of God's decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see,
In volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The fol'wers of the Lamb!

HYMN 100. L. M. (b)

The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul depart!

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast,
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.*

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or mine eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;

But they can never, never part,
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.]

9 [My God! and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible! for thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee!
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101. C. M. (*)

The world's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flat'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts mine ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 102. L. M. [*]

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp, resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come!
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face;
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.

5 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay;
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN 103. C. M. [*]

Christ's commission. John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104. S. M. [*]

The same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;

No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 103. C. M. [b]

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And dare we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, *Forbear!*
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. C. M. [b]

Repentance at the cross.

1 OH if my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucifi'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN 107. C. M. (b)

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 [What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!]

5 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands:
Shew me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 108. C. M.

Access to the throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,

And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace!

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 109.—L. M. (*)

The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110. S. M. [a]

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,

Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. C. M. (*)

Thanksgiving for victory; or, God's dominion, and our deliverance.

1 ZION, rejoice; and Judah, sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with power and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land:
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Still may the King of Grace descend,
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours we can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. L. M. (*)

Angels administering to Christ and saints.

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious heigh
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son

Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113. C. M. (*)

The same.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold;
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say without a doubt,
"There shall my soul be found,"
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114. C. M. [*]

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd*, our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown.

When, through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M. (e)

God the avenger of his saints; or, his kingdom supreme.

1 HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator, GOD:
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown;
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116. C. M. [*]

Mercies and thanks.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose, and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 117. L. M. [†]

Living and dying with God present.

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118. L. M. [*]

The priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge! the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. C. M. (*)

The holy scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the judge who ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand!

HYMN 120. S. M. [*]

The law and gospel enjoined in scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face:
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,

Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. L. M. (b)

The law and gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been:
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

HYMN 122. L. M. [*]

Retirement and meditations.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 123. L. M. (*)

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat.
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here, our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayers produce a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word:
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124. C. M. (*)

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 'Tis not the blood that Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can ouy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua † leads!
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

HYMN 125. L. M. (*)

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n [done;
To souls that mourn the sins they've
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

† *Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.*

2 Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies:
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126. C. M. (*)

God glorified in the gospel.

1 THE Lord, lescending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Circumcision and baptism.

[Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.]

1 THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace!
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN 128. C. M.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

God! renew our ruin'd frame,
broken powers restore:
us with a heavenly flame,
flesh shall reign no more!

l Spirit, write thy law
n our inward parts,
t the second Adam draw
mage on our hearts.

HYMN 129. L. M. (*)

walk by faith, not by sight.

by the faith of joys to come
e walk thro' deserts dark as night;
arrive at heaven, our home,
our guide, and faith our light.

nt of sight she well supplies;
es the pearly gates appear;
distant worlds she pries,
ngs eternal glories near.

we tread the desert through,
ith inspires a heavenly ray;
ions roar, and tempests blow,
ks and dangers fill the way.

n'm, by divine command,
own house to walk with God:
beheld the promis'd land,
his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. C. M. [*]

The new creation.

ND while God's exalted Son
his own glories shew:
I sit upon my throne,
ing all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay:
"See the new world arise.

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heavens I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The excellency of the christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord
Thy hands have brought salvation down
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:

With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. C. M. (*)

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King:
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his Almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways:
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. L. M. (*)

The operation of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. C. M. [*]

Circumcision abolished.

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
"And of his num'rous race."

2 He said—and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke:
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed:
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praise;
His promises endure;

And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. L. M. (*)

Types and prophecies of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd Seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head:
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN 136. L. M. (*)

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet;
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;

Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn:
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137. L. M. [*]

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. L. M. [*]

The power of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his Almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;

This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. L. M. [*]

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the fol'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. C. M. (*)

The examples of Christ and the saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader, claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. C. M. (*)

Faith assisted by sense; or, preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper.

1 MY Saviour God, my sovereign Prince
Reigns far above the skies:
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 Mine eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace;
While at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As, by his Spirit and his blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. S. M. [1]

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143. C. M. (*)

Flesh and Spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise:
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin forever cease.

HYMN 144. L. M. (*)

The effusion of the Spirit; or, success of the gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great
When the divine disciples met;

Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to give, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 145. C. M. (*)

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!

I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days!
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

HYMN 146. L. M. [b]

The vanity of creatures; or, no rest on earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires!
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly,
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures—but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 147. C. M. (c)

The creation of the world.

"NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator, Lord;
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:

He call'd the light—the new born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow:
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flowery birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies.
Behold! the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth!
And grazing beasts, of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;

He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148. C. M. [*]

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust,

HYMN 149. C. M. (*)

Honour to magistrates; or, government from God.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,

We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The rulers of these States shall shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make a nation blest.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cesar's due be ever paid
To Cesar and his throne:
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150. C. M. (b)

The deceitfulness of sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. L. M. [*]

Prophecy and inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word:
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works & wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish'd in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 152. C. M. [*]

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke!
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven:
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 153. C. M. [b]

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death,
But Christ the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:

Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.]

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But Heaven prevents the fall.

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries:
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154. L. M. (b)

Self-righteousness insufficient. [Lord,

1 "WHERE are the mourners," saith the
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust & stay.

2 "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the smallest sin atone:
"The robes that nature may provide,
"Will not your least pollution hide.

3 "The softest couch that nature knows
"Can give the conscience no repose:
"Look to my righteousness, and live,
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 "Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
"With your own hands, to warm your souls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

5 "This is your portion at my hands;
"Hell waits you with her iron bands;
"Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
"In death, and darkness, and despair."

HYMN 155. C. M. [b]

Christ our passover.

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke:
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. C. M. (b)

Presumption and despair; or, Satan's various temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flat'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heaven;"
Anon, he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

4 [He bids young sinners "yet forbear
"To think of God, or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they *must* die,
"And 'tis too late to pray:
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power;
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M. (b)

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love:

But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly:
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. L. M. [b]

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the hypocrite and apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there:
But wisdom shews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. C. M. [*]

An unconverted state; or, converting grace.

1 GREAT King of glory, and of grace,
We own with humble shame
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name!

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,

Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace:
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well:
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. L. M. [h]

Custom in sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives:
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin:
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control:
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. C. M. (b)

Christian virtues; or, the difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved *self* must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.]

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. C. M. [a]

Meditations of heaven; or, the joys of faith.

1 MY thoughts, surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed *Three* in *One*;
And strong affections fix my sight,
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163. C. M. [b]

Complaint of desertion and temptation.

1 DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 The lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear?
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword,
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164. C. M. (b)

The end of the world.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet sound,

And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165. C. M. (b)

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord:
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?]

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166. C. M. (c)

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God!
That Infinite Unknown?

Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

6 Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167. L. M. (*)

The divine perfections.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy:
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3 His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the councils of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy:
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light:
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN 168. L. M. [*]

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN 169. Hallelujah Metre. (*)

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high:
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:

His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs.
Strong is his arm | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil, | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name, | Join all my powers
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

HYMN 170. L. M. [2]

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

1 [CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind]

4 God is a King, of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
And calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm:
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1. L. M. [b]

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1. Cor. xi. 23, &c

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus! thy feast we celebrate.
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2. S. M.

Communion with Christ and with saints.

1 Cor. x 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
An int'rest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one!
We the young children of his love
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise

Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. C. M.

The new covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand forever good;
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light and strength, and pard'ning grace
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Christ's dying love; or, our pardon bought at a dear price.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,

He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But costs his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M. [*]

Christ the bread of life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed:
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 6. L. M. (*)

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not:
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood.

We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come:
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. L. M. [b]

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

HYMN 8. C. M. (*)

The tree of life.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high, around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

4 [Hovering among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.

5 'Tis a young heaven of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind:
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees

There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hands has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9. S. M. (*)

The Spirit, the water, and the blood.
1 John v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us, strangers, nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was the debt, and he appears
To make our payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water, and by blood;
And when the spirit speaks the same
We feel his witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10. L. M. (*)

Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete,
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;

Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11. C. M. [*]

Pardon brought to our senses.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says that "I am his,
And my Beloved's mine."

3 "Here", says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side,
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."

4 [He smiles, & cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
"All this," he says, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this!
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as these,
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him who wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. L. M. [*]

The gospel feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 What shall we pay th' Eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wand'rers, back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;

And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To Him who ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN 13. C. M. (*)

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room,
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN 14. L. M. [*]

The song of Simeon; Luke ii. 28; *or, a sight of Christ makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
"Our souls still waiting to be gone,
"And at thy word depart in peace.

3 "Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
"And view'd salvation with our eyes,
"Tasted and felt the living Word,
"The bread descending from the skies.

4 "Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Hast set his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrors of thy name,
"And shew the wonders of thy grace.

5 "He is our light; our morning-star.
"Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
"The glory of thine Israel here,
"And joy of spirits near thy throne."

HYMN 15. C. M. (*)

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung!

2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
But doubly bless'd was he
Who gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit, and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends!
"Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

5 "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

HYMN 16. C. M.

The agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
Lord, when compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love.

Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew:
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17. S. M.

Incomparable food; or, the flesh and blood of Christ.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.

The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace;
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

HYMN 18. L. M. (*)

The same.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely stor'd!
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread—we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord! 'tis gen'rous wine,

Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls forever bless!
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

HYMN 19. L. M. [a]

Glory in the cross; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd:
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in the cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He who was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20. C. M. [*]

The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, the tree of life, and river of love.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

[The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

5 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art;
The pleasure's well refin'd;
They spread new life through every heart
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
Who gives such joy as this!
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21. C. M. (*)

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, death, and hell.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;

And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
Who rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell:

3 Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And, oh! what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd:
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.

6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

7 "[Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.

8 "When hell, and all its spiteful power,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;

"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood;
"And live eternal ages bless'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceeds our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. L. M. [*]

The compassion of a dying Christ.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb:
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death!

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'ning set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.

4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood;
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. C. M. (*)

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the Sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. C. M. (*)

Pardon and strength from Christ.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread!
We drink the sacred cup:
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace;
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste

HYMN 25. C. M. (*)

Divine glories and grace.

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd;
Great God, how bright they shine:
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace,
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight.

Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight;
Let sin forever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these divine Hymns, until I have addressed a special SONG OF GLORY *to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it,* Gloria Patria, *be retained in the English nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have also added a few Hosannas, or, ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.*

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 26. First Long Metre. (¶)

A song of praise to the ever blessed TRINITY, GOD *the* FATHER, SON, *and* SPIRIT.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo,
Mak'st living streams of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. First Common Metre. [¶]

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. First Short Metre. [a]

1 LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5 To the great One in Three,
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

HYMN 29. Second Long Metre. (*)

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;

In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. Second Common Metre. (*)

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his REDEEMING WORD,
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. Second Short Metre. [*]

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. Third Long Metre. [*]

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN 33. *Orthus.* (*)

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;

Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. Third Common Metre. (e)

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. *Or thus.* (e)

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

HYMN 36. Third Short Metre. [e]

YE angels round the throne,
And saints, that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37. *Or thus.* [e]

GIVE to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN 38. Hallelujah Metre. [e]

A song of praise to the blessed TRINITY.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own | To die for sins
Eternal Son, | That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting wo;
And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, | There faith prevails,
With all her powers, | And love adores.

HYMN 39. 2d Hallelujah Metre. [*]

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him who form'd | Is endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address | With equal praise,
The Spirit's name | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,

Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth & time
His honours high, | Grow old and die.

HYMN 40. Hallelujah Metre. [*]

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise!
And while our lips | Our faith adores
Their tribute bring, | The name we sing.

HYMN 41. *Or thus.* (*)

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in one,
Salvation, power, | By all on earth,
And praise be given, | And all in heaven.

The HOSANNA, or Salvation ascribed to Christ.

HYMN 42. L. M. [*]

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. C. M. [*]

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace.
Zion behold thy King:

Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna, to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44. S. M. [*]

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heaven.

HYMN 45. Hallelujah Metre. [*]

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young | And at his feet
Attend his way, | Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high;
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim.
Upon his head | And every age
Shall honours rest, | Pronounce him bless'd.

THE END.

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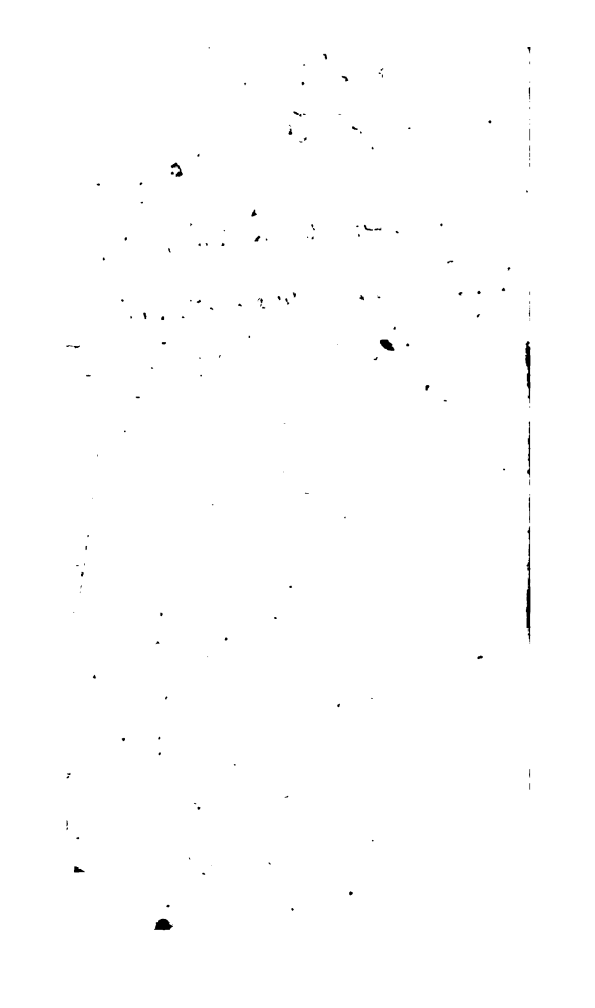

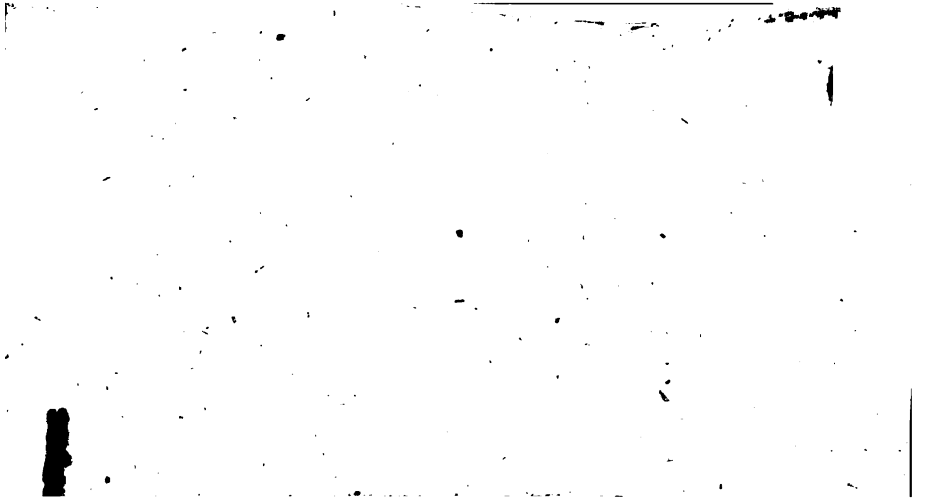

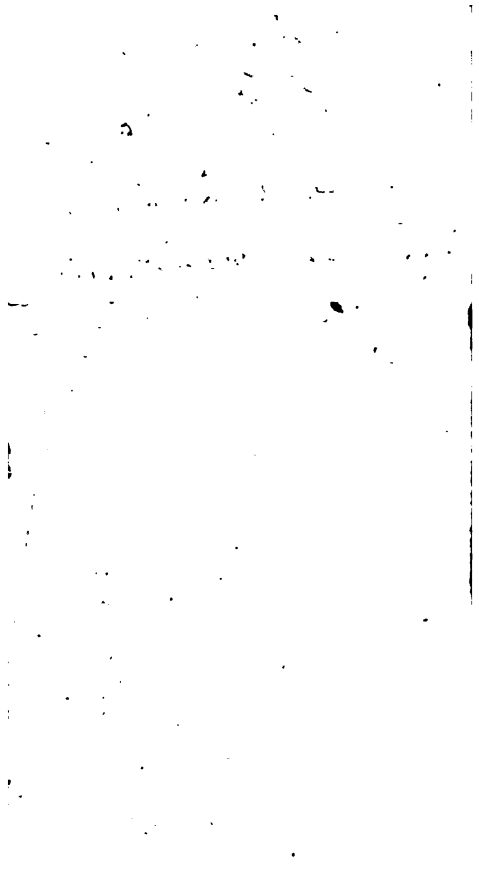

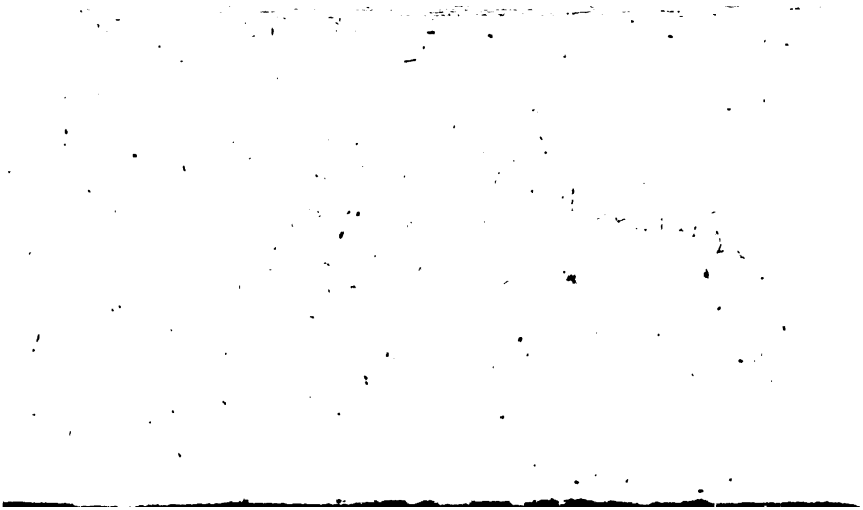

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